THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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BENJAMIN DEACON, ROBERT PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1624.

Choice Poetry.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

(She was ten, the question went from journal to journal. Who was the author of this beautiful stanza

"Home by and by."

About them Him I mean,
For nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

The stanza is found in the fiftieth hymn of the "Psalms and Hymns" published annually in the Church Extension Society, of Connecticut, and extensively used elsewhere. I endeavored to find the author, but the hymn is altered from Montgomery. The original is in the fifth book of the "Christian Lyre," and is as follows:

"Home by and by," the trusting child of God may say, and, in plain words, it is taught, and to some extent believed by many of the Lord's people. But is it possible to mould into one sentiment, so many, so plain words? Is it taught, and to some extent believed by many of the Lord's people? Is it not a common-sense form, if we may so speak, of the most abstruse theological nonsense. If not to create by a compound sentence, a third fully perfected, it would be better than many as sentence.—*Independent.*)

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen. So let it be.
Life for the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here let the body pant,
Almost from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's home on high,
Home of the happy, up I hope,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
The golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies.
Lord, I believe; I fain would
Remove mine unbelief,
And add my confirmed seal.

Amen that sentence blest,
The winds and waves cease;
Where'er my flesh may rest or roam,
My Father's home at last.

My Father's home on high,
Home of the happy, up I hope,
What have you got to say?

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen. So let it be;
Life for the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here let the body pant,
Almost from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's home on high,
Home of the happy, up I hope,
What have you got to say?

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen. So let it be.
This is the promise of The gracious word,
In Him we live and move and have our being:
We have a sure hope built on this firm foundation,
Yea, we have a living hope, even in death,
Of resurrection unto life immortal.
Hence we are always confident, knowing that,
While we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord:
(For we walk by faith, not by sight:)
We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body,
And to be present with the Lord.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen. So let it be.
Life for the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here let the body pant,
Almost from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's home on high,
Home of the happy, up I hope,
What have you got to say?

For the Ladies.

THE MARTYR SEX.

Why does this unfortunate title to which the ladies have so long laid claim, still cling to them? Why do they not throw it off, and claim a better? They are, in truth, the martyrs of fashion. The tyranny of the latter is absolute. The "Queen of Fashion," "Ruler of the," "Goddess" and "Queen" of this or that, are but titles of mockery, given which you have undergone, through the caprice of tyranny, political and domestic. It is the fashion now to wear a hoop, and the ladies do wear it all in the world. Next year they will do well if they can get a hoop on the ears, or on the shoulders of footmen, quite beyond all that your ancestors, Mrs. has ever displayed. For the present, however, the hoop is the fashion, and the ladies wear it. Next year it will be something else style but this of the Martyr Sex.

As humanity is now constituted, those who exercise its vitals to be monstrous of the violations, or have any heart blood must continually bleed for the fashion. Where there is a will there is a way, and where there is a fashion there is a way of submission, at whatever time, anywhere, which is submitted to, by the martyrs of fashion. Let the fashion be ever so absurd, so ridiculous, so destructive to comfort, to ease, to health, to every thing that is dear to human life, it must be submitted to, designed as a means of relief; it could not be worse than the other plan—simply to wear every part from the shoes to hats, and allow nature to escape. Then, about a hundred years ago, the ladies actually did indeed have their heads three inches above the head, and these had attached powder to them, and these again had ostrich plumes, and these again a certain quantity, of course, a correct ratio more one-half, to be exact, than the person, and all this later, but not slight more than a hundred feet above the head. They would sit, however, in a chair all night, in order to preserve the structure in all its integrity, sleeping only by standing, and waking by leaning on the back of a chair, and thus they would manage to get some rest, but something might be going wrong. Rats of the martyrs of science—fashion to produce, and at the shrine. These rats did something of importance to view to sustain them in their train. Often was the Martyr Sex, with another one and convenience, without having any adventitious delight whatever to compensate for and support them, under their sufferings.

In more recent times, we have seen the ladies first sink suddenly to the waist, in a single second—namely, the waist—with an equal decrease of comfort and appearance. This was done on engine which would have perfectly fitted the purposes of Inquisition; indeed, there were some beginning to think of the Spy, though there which did not greatly differ from it. It might have been considered a very ingenious machine for martyrial sufferings, to find that every thing got in England was for some years back affected with a regular tendency to the waist, and apparently having the least idea of making a stand at the waist, and the consequences, such as red noses, bad breath, perverted ill health, death itself—were made light of. The Martyr Sex, however, stood to their colors, and bore it, was nothing to the point. The waist was the point, and the waist they would have for the sake of the Sex. You would see no example set forth in each millinery window, publishing fashions a great deal more than a hint saying the pride they felt in it as a sort of badge of honor, that it was hoped that a true martyrial spirit will be preserved in our nation—that, although, of course, they should be glad as much as can be entitled to have killed their victims, in order to show to future generations that the martyrial age could really exist—that, in short, they were martyrs, and martyrs for the sake of the future will have equal sufferings in some way or other.

It is not denied, that the Sex have a tender heart, that the light steps, to endure; but they would rather suffer than not be martyrs, than either anguish or inconvenience to keep their martyr power in exercise. For one thing, they are really satisfied with over-eager to indulge to say, though there are artists prepared to do it, and have done it, to show the martyrial sufferings of ladies' waists, and to get above sufficiently small. Every now and then, they are seen in some monstrous caricature in the form of a pair of shoes that might hold sufficient meat for a pudding besides their feet. From this you may form an idea and proof—not

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Bill Blanks, Checks, Labels, &c., are printed with neatness, accuracy, and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEAGOR & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF SITUATION AND REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Discarded Wife," "The Discarded Son," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Vivia—

CLARA MORELAND,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "Prairie Flower," "Rosille of the Prairie," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the Miscellaneous and Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the attractive material that appear in the Periodicals of the day—such as the Sketches of New York, Original Letters, Gossip, Real Life, Comic series Sensations, &c., &c., &c., in the building of no reasonable expense is shall be spared to make the Journal of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW IN REGARD TO NEWSPAPERS.

An Act to amend the act entitled "An Act to reduce and modify the rates of postage in the United States, and for other purposes," passed March 3rd, eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

It is enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the thirtieth day of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the postage upon all printed matter, including mailable matter of the second class thereof, instead of the rates now charged, shall be as follows, to wit: Upon all regular publications, issued at stated periods, and upon matter, not otherwise, or other articles of mailable matter, which may be sent by mail to subscribers, or regular customers, the postage, shall be sent to any part of the United States, not more than three hundred miles from the place of publication, or the office of delivery, for every additional one hundred miles, or fraction of or exceeding one-half additional distance, and when the postage upon any newspaper or periodical is paid yearly in advance at the office of delivery, at the office of the office where the same is mailed, and delivery of such paper to subscribers at the office of delivery in such manner as the Postmaster General may by regulation prescribe, the postage shall be half of a cent for the postage calculated on such separate article of mailable matter, except that the postage on all regular publications issued from any office of publication within the county where such office is situated, shall be free of postage. The Postmaster General shall have power to make such regulations as he may deem necessary to prevent the circulation as second class matter of publications issued at regular intervals, and having a series of numbers, which are not strictly newspapers or periodicals, but which are designed for circulation chiefly among subscribers, and to exclude from the second class all matter which is designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for the benefit of the publishers, and not for the regular subscribers, and all matter which may be sent to such other persons as may be designated by the publishers, or which is not sent by the regular subscribers, or in the regular course of the publication, and all matter which is not strictly a newspaper or periodical may be sent to such other persons as may be designated by the publishers, at the rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof, without the county where such paper is published or printed, and one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof, for any greater distance not exceeding three thousand miles, and one cent additional for each additional three thousand miles or fraction thereof, for the same, free of postage. The Postmaster General may also require publishers to prepay postage on matter deposited in the mails for delivery within the county where such paper is published or printed.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the postmaster of any postoffice, after being three months in arrears for postage, and after notice has been given to him by the publisher that he is not taken out of the office to which it is sent or delivered, may give notice by publication in the mail, the Post-Master to whose office such newspaper or periodical is addressed, of the name for the postage, unless the publisher shall apply to a court of competent jurisdiction for the discontinuance of the same, and shall cause the same to be discontinued, and the postmaster shall not be required to send to the office of publication any such newspaper or periodical without further prepayment of postage, and any postmaster who shall neglect or refuse to discontinue such publication, after such notice as aforesaid, shall be liable to the publisher for the amount of subscription thereto.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That so much of the existing laws as is inconsistent with "An Act to modify and reduce the rates of postage in the United States, and for other purposes," approved March 3rd, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, and the existing laws in relation to transmission of newspapers, periodicals and other printed matter, and all other provisions of law inconsistent with the provisions of the herein before recited, are hereby repealed.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That when a list of letters shall be advertised for delivery in any newspaper printed in any foreign language and the postage thereon shall be paid on the paper having the largest circulation, within the city or county of said delivery, the postage shall be one cent.

Approved August 30, 1862.

THE LAKE ERIE ACCIDENT.—Verdict of the Coroner's Jury.—Coroner C. Bolton, of Erie, summoned a jury to hold an inquest on the body of an unknown girl, and on the body of Kirk, which was brought in by the propeller Uplegraff, and after the examination of a number of witnesses, the following verdict was rendered:—

"The Jurors find that Dr. Grant Moffett, the first mate of the propeller Uplegraff, and the three on deck, and were on deck. That the night was dark and foggy. That the night was dark and foggy. That the propeller Uplegraff was struck from three to four miles off, and until after the collision they did not know each other, yet gave no order to the wheelsman until within one hour or two of the collision. That, by his own evidence, if he had directed his course differently, the collision with the propeller would have been avoided; but he did not, supposing he was keeping a proper course for the proper course, and the Atlantic was not. Without determining which of the vessels was in fault or not on the part of those on duty on the Atlantic, they find that Dr. Grant Moffett neglected their duty, did they not find Dr. Grant Moffett, the first mate of the propeller Uplegraff, guilty of carelessness and a wicked disregard of human life. The jurors also find that Capt. Richard Kent, of the Atlantic, was in his stateroom at the time of the collision, and was not on deck.

MORTAR had not been arrested at latest accounts.

OUTRAGEOUS CRUELTY AND SUMMARY EXECUTION.—The Memphis (Tennessee) Enquirer states that on the 20th ult., a man named Dr. Hunter Rayner, who resides in the vicinity of Randolph, was arrested by a party of men and hung to a tree near. He apprehended him (a Northerner), took him to the woods, and there commenced his cruel and fatal like punishment, and after a number of lashes were inflicted he concluded by cutting off both of the slave's ears close to the head. The slave was then released through the influence of his master, who was present, and told to leave that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and that he would be immediately put into the county, and that he (Rayner) would be after him. The Union Co., where he died the next day.

FEMALE LUNGERS.—Bethany, Harrison Co., Ohio, was entirely electrified a short time since by the following occurrence: A Dr. T. ——— under the influence of the "green-eyed monster," had assaulted a young and accomplished lady of that place, and was arrested and taken before Esq. Hall on information and warrant. The doctor, however, refused to be sworn by a number of times, when, forming a circle in the street, presented his pistol, and swore that he would "shoot every man who would consider it his duty to swear against him." The Esq. and witnesses left for parts unknown, and we presume will entertain a little more discretion in his new locality.

A THRILLING OCCURRENCE.—A so-called Virginian Gentleman, at the town of Columbia, accused a poor, crazy old woman of missing $1,500 and to make her confess, inflicted 1 hundred lashes on her naked back. Subsequently it turned out she was innocent, whereupon "the authorities" fined the offenders $150. This shows the evil of Lynch Law.

LOVE IN CAMPAIGNS.—The following extract from a letter published in the St. Louis Intelligencer, from A. J. W., Gen. Price's army, one of the most intelligent of the Western editors, portrays some of the difficulties to be encountered in California:

"Speaking of love, on his first arrival at San Francisco, it astonished all the good natives of mind.

Notwithstanding all I have written against it in California, I have been induced to change my opinion in one respect. I think it necessary to marry one in every new and distant country. I have been induced to this conclusion by the many difficulties I have had to encounter in the way of getting my letters from the post office, and finding out the whereabouts of the various regiments. Had I been married to some one who could have remained here, as a friend, and attended to the business for me, I would have saved myself many days of anxiety and fatigue. Take my advice, then, and get married before you start for California. Don't be afraid of the expense, for you will be sure to get a large outfit, and a good round sum of money, by the time you are ready to leave. Don't be afraid of the trouble, for you will be sure to get a good wife. Don't be afraid of the danger, for you will be sure to get a companion who will be loved in the matter as fearless."

GOLD AT THE MINT.—The receipts of gold at the Philadelphia Mint for the week ending Sept. 6, amounted to $30,000. Since June about $2,500,000. The deposits of gold at the Mint are now very large, and the coinage is rapid. The receipts for the week ending Sept. 6, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Sept. 13, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Sept. 20, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Sept. 27, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Oct. 4, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Oct. 11, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Oct. 18, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Oct. 25, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Nov. 1, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Nov. 8, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Nov. 15, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Nov. 22, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Nov. 29, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Dec. 6, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Dec. 13, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Dec. 20, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000. The receipts for the week ending Dec. 27, were $30,000, and the coinage $40,000.

Clippings.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Sawtell advises those who intend to be "up with the times" to be getting well off any coat. "That, is it true? Sawtell, I think? Thud, is it necessary?"

☞ If you are a politician, and wish to be elected for a long period of time, never make a speech. Remember all the style of Judge Douglas, and you have only to remain in your room and you will be elected. Douglas is now in every one of the public halls of Chicago, and he is going to be elected by an indefinite article."

☞ It is stated that Mrs. Stowe, the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, has engaged a house in Rome to spend the winter in. She will find the Uncle Tom's Cabin style of living very different from the English a lot of beautifully sculpted porcelain in its room, and nothing more anything of the kind before, to shock those for outdoor duty, and find nothing in the place for those that do, but a marble floor and a few pieces of furniture.

☞ Watchman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

☞ The Queen—Last night Bob in the ground while lovers sat poets very often with they were in bed, but at the same time take position in the world.

☞ There is a good story told of old Monsieur Tonson, and Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert was one day in the House of Commons, when Monsieur Tonson, who was in the gallery, beckoned to him, and he went up to him. "Sir Robert," said Monsieur Tonson, "I have a little property in the funds, and I want to know what I had better do with it." "Sell out, by all means," replied Sir Robert. "Thank you, sir," said Monsieur Tonson, and he left the House. Sir Robert returned to his seat, and in a few minutes he saw Monsieur Tonson in the gallery beckoning to him again. He went up to him. "Sir Robert," said Monsieur Tonson, "I have sold out, and I want to know what I had better do with the money." "Buy in again, by all means," replied Sir Robert.

☞ The Old Stone Mill at Newport, R. I., is to be pulled down.

Local News.

ARREST AND CRIMINAL CONVERSATION.—The discreet mask upon a seat of consideration, a Mr. Fitzgerald, was arrested on Saturday last, and duly examined in the street of a whole party, before Alderman Beitler, on the charge of having committed criminal conversation with the wife of Mr. Fitzgerald, upon premises in this city. On hearing the evidence, the Alderman committed the accused in default of bail in the sum of $1,000, to answer at the next Court of Quarter Sessions, on Friday next. A number of witnesses were present, and the case excited much interest. The parties are said to be of the highest respectability.

BURGLARY.—Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock on the night of the 4th inst., the house of Mr. Thomas Hall, No. 1 Bank street, was entered by burglars, and a quantity of clothing, &c., stolen therefrom. The thieves entered the house by the back door, which they forced open. The police are on the track of the thieves, and will probably succeed in arresting them.

ROBBERY.—Mr. Thomas Hall, of No. 1 Bank street, was robbed on Thursday night last of a quantity of clothing, &c., which was stolen from the back door of his residence.

MR. GEARON.—The Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency, having been put upon the Whig Ticket, as candidate for Vice President of the United States, we have taken the liberty to place his name at the head of our column of that State, but without a letter declining the honor, we shall not feel authorized to do so. We are not aware that he has ever been connected with politics, but if he has been, we are sure he will be found to be a true and faithful Democrat.

Resolved, That we renew, with heightened confidence, our support of the Hon. Jeremiah Black, as Governor of Pennsylvania, regarding his election as essential to the preservation of the Constitution and the Union, and the best interests of our citizens, and trust that every effort will be exerted by their friends to secure his election.

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THANKSGIVING.—The Governor of Pennsylvania has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 25th inst., as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, and requesting all persons to abstain from their usual worldly business on that day, and to meet in their respective places of worship, and there to render thanks to Almighty God for the many blessings which he has bestowed upon us as a people, and to implore a continuance of His favor and protection.

THE RAIN FALLING.—The Whigs of this city had a large and enthusiastic meeting on Saturday evening, at the corner of Broad and Chestnut streets. Shortly after the meeting was organized, the rain began to fall, and continued to pour down in torrents during the evening. Among the resolutions was the following:

Resolved, That we renew, with heightened confidence, our support of the Hon. Jeremiah Black, as Governor of Pennsylvania, regarding his election as essential to the preservation of the Constitution and the Union, and the best interests of our citizens, and trust that every effort will be exerted by their friends to secure his election.

THE CHARGE AGAINST THE LIVERPOOL CONSUL.—The charge against the Liverpool Consul, Mr. Dudley, of having committed a breach of the peace, by striking a man who had insulted him, is said to be entirely unfounded. The Consul was in the right, and the man who struck him was in the wrong. The Consul is a gentleman of high character, and has the confidence of the people of Liverpool.

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, JOSEPH BUNTING, of Bucks county, to MARY E. HOOD, RANDS, of Spring Chester.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. E. E. Williams, Mr. JAMES C. SUMMEY, to MISS FANNY M. CHLESTER, all of this city.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. C. C. Cline, Mr. WILLIAM H. YOUNG, to MISS MARY A. ——, all of this city.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JAMES M. COLLINS, to MISS AMELIA DEAN.

By the same, on the same evening, Mr. JAMES A. JAMES, to MISS ELIZABETH A. ——, all of this city.

By the same, on the 27th ult., Mr. GEORGE F. CAMPBELL, to MISS CATHARINE A. DUER, both of Chester county.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McClure, Mr. THOMAS A. MCDONNELL, to MISS SARAH C. FOX, all of this city.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. Joseph Castle, Mr. EDWARD LEMMON, of Philadelphia, to MISS CAROLINE MCCLELLAN, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Fowler, Mr. WILLIAM, both of this city.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM H. HALL, to MISS ANNIE DE FRANCE, all

Selected Poetry.

THE CHILD'S FAIRY DREAM.

On a sunny bank where ivy,
Wreathed with rich bright glow,
Mingled its dark green leaves with
Flowers of every hue,
Thoughtless the sunbeam rested
On the fair face there,
Where the soft light of childhood
Was all that shone or played.

But the shade that passed over
Was like a spirit's wing,
That left its print on the glow,
Dimming the light of beauty.
Where is the child's laughing eye?
Where is the sunny brow?
Where is that bright smile?
It is there!
But it is changed!
What a ghost of sunshine gone!

There a right rosy carnet and lip,
As if made of coral,
Where but late the sweet dimple
Played like a sunbeam,
Now lies pale and cold as snow,
Tinted by music, charmed by song,
Which never more shall thrill
Spirits tuned above the child!
It is deep in eternity's cell!
While a wide of grassy mound
Hides the diamond dew-drops from
And the days from flower and shrub,
Where the rose blushes,
By where jasmin is white and green,
Where lilies bend,
Gracefully, a cloud of beauty,
Some on immortal wild children,
Some into the heavens,
Some into the human eye,
Some into the human heart up.

What a change! Mother, look
Like the scene of rebirth!
Look at the child's grave!
Could such scene in time!
Could such scene in time!
Could such scene in time!
Could such scene in time!

Then the bay are dim, approaching
Where the child is sleeping,
Where it is gone, and wandered why
Those tears grow, and why
Changed his song, and check his cries,
Burning before that grave,
Saying as he lapped the stream,
"I have had a pleasant dream."

The Student.

Selected Articles.

SHADE TREES.

BY A. J. DOWNING.

"Down with the Alianthus!" is the cry we hear on all sides, and we confess that the tide of battle is turning.* (as the saying is) decidedly in our favor. The greater part of all parts of the Union, and begins to show far less chance than it did. Even the Aliantha itself is dying out so exceptionally that my family are made to fell it," says an old resident on one of the squares in New York, where the shade trees are all dying out, "because it is the only one that will endure the smoke." We must put down this assertion to the account of the horrible Aliantha," remembering that the gentleman who first cried out about the evil was Horace Greeley, whose opinion rather differs from most writers because so entirely unfounded. "Aliantha trees are all very well over my garden," my fifty owners of collection gentlemen, "but they are so confoundedly ugly during the middle of their "yards" with leaving bare half that it grows as "surprising fast." * It has also been charged for fifty feet of sweet scent true," say the country gentlemen, "although in the earliest breath of July its flowers, have also been busy for years dotting it to open planes, here and there, in their pleasantest grounds. In some of the finest American parks, for instance, taking the matter more seriously, have voted the entire downfall of the whole species, and the Horrid who wield the beauty of sylvan destruction, have probably made it their creep of the first blow. Certainly, in some parts